THE YEAR BOOK

Weymouth High School

1915

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The Year Book

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White Burgoyne Rea Cope
Whittle Talbot Martin

Editorial Board

Editor-in-Chief - - - - Ralph Talbot
Business Manager - - - Kenneth Martin
Associate Editors - - Julian Rea, Roger Burgoyne

Class Editors

Arthur White, '16, LeRoy Cope, '16, Wallace Whittle, '17

The Editorial Staff of this, our first year book, present the product of their efforts to a host of teachers, classmates and friends.

We have tried to do our work well. We have tried to deserve the pleasure of your commendation. And yet, whether the result be success or failure, we will always have this volume,— a golden treasury of the deeds of our class. When memory fades, it will still remain. And in the end, this alone will be the lasting result — that through these pages, we may sometimes look back, and smile at our sorrows, and laugh at our joys. and grow better in the memory of our happy days, and closer in the knowledge of our glorious class.

Class of 1915

MAY ALLEN

Dance Committee 4, Operetta 3, Class Play 4.

The pleasure is entirely ours, kind reader, in presenting this, the first and perhaps the finest picture in the Senior Hall of Fame. Perhaps May is known to you; if she is not, kindly remember that what we say here cannot do her justice. To know her is to like her, which truth is deducted from the fact that wherever May is known she is well liked. But gently now! Sarcasm is born of sympathy! And May has one failing. If you would know what it is, collar the "hero" of the class play some night and ask him about it.

EDWARD BATES

"EDDIE"

Class Prophet, Orchestra 3, 4; Football 4, Baseball 4, Basketball 3, Track 4.

As a proof that you shouldn't judge by appearances, we offer herewith our one and only Rufus Edward Bates, who isn't so green as his hayseed expression would lead you to believe. Eddie is a good boy, but early in life he experienced a violent attachment—to a Ford, and since that time has never been without the required shoe horn. It is related of Eddie that he would run almost as far to play ball as his Ford would run on its reputation—but that's only hearsay. We believe there's another part to that "attachment" story, too. Why else should Eddie be seen up Mill Street so often?

REGINALD BATES

"REGGIE"

Class President, Basketball Manager 4, Class Play. Track 4, Class Basketball 2, 3, 4.

When the "bigger, better, busier" class first assembled, it chose for its president and leading citizen, one Reginald W. Bates, whom you see here. And better man there never was, we must say, when it comes to ruling with the firm hand and open heart. Reggie needs no recommendation. We could give him none more fitting and proper than to say that in all his class there is not one who is not glad that he has been our president, nor one who would not like to see him make good wherever the opportunity may be afforded him to do so.

ROGER BURGOYNE

Banquet Committee, Ch. 4, Orchestra 4, Year Book 4.

It was only under high pressure that the physiognomy of Roger could be brought to a place on this paper. After the first exposure, the photographer changed his cracked lens, injected a high pressure plate of "steen" pounds into his camera and intimated that he would sue for damages. Thus, the high pressure. But, listen! Soft strains of sad music! Roger is a musical man, and he plays the violin. Those glasses, that hair, believe, O credulous reader, that they stand for something. Roger thinks he resembles — Paderwhiskey!

LAWRENCE CAULFIELD

"PIMP," "LARRY"

Baseball Mascot 2, 3, 4.

Speaking about men, let us consider the gentleman whose visage protrudes itself upon this otherwise good looking page. Pimp is without doubt the smallest Senior in existence. If anyone else tried to fill his place in the Senior class, though, he'd find it a bit difficult. Not in stature, not in power, but in the hearts of his fellow students, is Larry big. We believe he has done what no other boy of his size has done before — and we are proud of him. The Lord bless thee, Larry!

EVERETT CALLAHAN

"ROOKEY"

Class Basketball 4, Baseball 4.

The Rookey dropped into the Senior class in 1914, and from all accounts of the teachers has been dropping ever since. Every now and then we behold him surrounded by the admirers (of his brother) and discoursing on "How to Play Shortstop." Rookey plays shortstop, you know, and the teachers say that when it comes to studies he's pretty clever at it. He's clever at a good many things, is our Rookey, and attracts attention — of the girls. We hesitate here at enumerating his many conquests of femininity, for this is only a book. But, after all, here's luck to you, Callahan!

CORNELIUS CONDRICK

"CONNIE"

Dance Committee 4, Football 2, 3, 4, Capt.; Basketball 2, 3, 4, Capt.; Baseball 2, 3, 4.

In the unequal pursuit of studies Connie came to school in 1910. At the very outset he fell so far behind as to let his studies gain one lap on him in the race. Then Connie settled down to show that in the atmosphere of a "bigger, better, busier" class he could create a mark. And never has anyone succeeded better in his purpose. For Connie has not only succeeded in the way of studies, but has been captain both of football and basketball, a pitcher and fielder on the nine, and has held many offices of the class besides. Everything to which he has turned his hand has been a success. We wish him success in the greater things.

HELEN CUNNIFF

Dance Committee 4, Operetta 3.

Anyone who has hitherto been blessed with a sound digestion had better turn over this page and linger no longer here. For Helen is the bright, particular star of the cooking class. In attempting to describe her to you, the plummet of our imagination cannot sink one-half so far into the well of thought as one of Helen's biscuits could into the Atlantic Ocean. Helen has also a side line in the way of reciting history, but only a side line, you know. Her main point is A—— D——.

ALMON DEANE

Vice-President, Class Marshal, Dance Committee 4, Pin Committee 3, Football 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4, Capt.

Almon has one of those personalities which lead you to understand wherein he so easily graces the vice-president's chair. Throughout his four years he has thrived in the admiration of his fellows, even though he professes to enjoy his vacations in the dead haunts of Fort Point. For his good work on the football field and basketball court, Deane deserves much credit.

NORMAN DIZER

"NORM"

Class Secretary, Vice-Pres. Union 4, Orchestra 4, Debate 4.

Norman's footprints, as he tells us, were heard approaching our august abode in September, 1911. Since that time they have fallen so loudly upon our ears at times, as to attract attention—notably when Norm was elected Class Secretary and when his confident voice dispelled the doubt of debate with Quincy and Brockton. The lure of the filthy lucre could not ensnare our own Norman even when he worked for Georgy Bean. His honesty is sterling, although Clarke does call him "Geezer."

CATHERINE GALVIN

Banquet Committee 4.

Modesty and righteous endeavor are traits of Miss Catherine. Although she is not prominent, occasional glances in her direction will reveal the fact that she has a character, and we honestly say, a lovely character of her own. Always kind and cheerful, always industrious in a quiet way, we have found many virtues about her and have yet to find a fault. In every condition and phase of living, striving for the right— a modest guileless classmate. she.

VINCENT GORMAN

"HOPE," "VINCE."

Baseball 2, 3, 4, Capt; Class Basketball 2, 3, 4; Track 4.

Stop, kind reader! Forbear to condemn this page because of this countenance which you see here Give us a chance; and Hope is all we want. This fair haired child is no less wonderful because he is captain of the nine. Hope has been "varsity" second-baseman for three years, and at present is the pilot of the (state's champion) nine. Vincent is Hope, and we predict that in a few years he will be the hope of some fast college team. In baseball he will surely go up.

ALICE GROSS

This is not the Alice of whom the poet sang: "Alice, where art thou?" In fact, one always knows that Alice may be found in the vicinity of another Alice, with Elsie and Teresa tacked on. Alice's forte is enjoying youth and life, at which she excels. On the other hand, she has been seen at meetings of the Monday Club, being a special delegate of her class. As for our above verse, we may say that Alice surely has a place in the hearts of her classmates, and we have no doubt but that she will enjoy a similar position when she enters the broader school of life.

RALPH GRIFFIN

"Bink," "Spikey," Bluejacket."

The "Spikey Bluejacket" is one of those 'silent voice' members of our bigger, better, busier class, who will make his mark. At present he is one of the most esteemed fellows in the class, of whose affection his many nicknames are proof. But, hist! There is mystery involved here! As the story goes, one night Bink, accompanied by a beautiful vision of femininity, attended a presentation of 'Ben Hur.' Ever afterwards, Bink has maintained that he saw no chariot race in the play. We don't doubt your word, Bink! But how could you?

LORETTA HORAN

"CHA"

Two years ago Miss Horan gained the distinction of a standing among us. At first, considering past environment, it seemed doubtful whether she would ever rise to our high level. But the plot thickened! There is an old proverb: "When man and woman are agreed, what can the Kazi do?" So when all the class agreed on Loretta,—but she's glad of it!

MAJORIE KEITH

Orchestra 3, 4. Dance Committee 4.

Within this narrow space we must attempt to convey a slight impression of our admiration as a class for our Majorie. But we cannot express our esteem in proper measure. Nor can we express our gratitude. For acknowledge we must, that she has worked hard for us. Of all the guests at our senior dance, credit is due her for one-sixth. She is the life of the orchestra, and more than once has rendered inestimable service to the school in a musical way. Whatever way in which she goes in the future, we wish her good luck.

AVIS LOUD

Class Treasurer, Salutatorian, Operetta 3 Dance Committee 4.

While Avis was a freshman and a sophomore she wasn't taken into account because she was so small. Today those who were her superior contemporaries have become her eager admirers, for Avis, you know, now leads them all! A good many pay their attentions to Avis, and a good many more pay their class dues to her. To be both Treasured and Treasurer of our class, and to be Salutatorian at the same time, surely requires that which places her so high among us! Our one regret is that she never spoke a little louder.

ELSIE MAERTINS

Class Play

Even were it not for her cheery smile, our "Ever Merry" classmate would have a lot to recommend her to you. In the first place, Elsie has talent and is especially bright, which truth any teacher will bear out. Also she has the gift of making friends. Her past is a measure of sunlight; her future we will leave to the class prophet. And if carefree joyousness is next to godliness, as we believe, Elsie is but little lower than the angels.

MARY MAHONEY

Banquet Committee 4.

This is Mary! We shall not introduce the lamb. Quite contrary, for the lamb is gone, you know. Today we see the smile that once was on the poor lamb's brow on Mary's face, so know ye now, ye critics, wherein the lamb has gone. This good jingo poem does no justice to Mary—and is untrue. Mary, though not boisterous, is gentle, quiet and good; so we wish her a life of the same qualities.

KENNETH MARTIN

"KEN"

Dance Committee (ch), Debate, Class Play, Secretary "Union," Year Book.

Ye blocks, ye stones, ye worse than senselesss things, pass not this benignant contenance by. Here is Kenneth. Kenneth is our angel, our joy. His ability, surpassing all things mortal, has been exploited. Debate, class-work, year book, class play—these are monuments to his fame. Our boy is growing up. We see him now, glancing at this, our august work, bouncing in his chair, and clawing at the air. Now he holds up that (visionary) solid brass debating medal which he has designed. What is it? "O yes, I made this out of my own head."

DOROTHY McCARTHY

"DOT"

Class Play, Operetta 3.

A noise was once evidenced in that particular part of our sphere of existence known as the "orffus." Inquiry developed the fact that it was our Dorothy — switching Mr. Hilton. She had him dead to rights, and before assistance could be brought she plugged him twice, right in the ear. It was orful! And then she cut him — off. Such is a fact, for Dot is an operator at the 'change. And since you will be obliged to explain this at length, we extend our friendship (and sympathy) to you, Dorothy.

TERESA NOLAN

Class Prophet, Senior Delegate to O. C. Club.

"Most beauteous night, thou wert not sent for slumber," was a prevalent belief in the region of Nash's Corner one evening away back in '97. For Miss Teresa Nolan, it is recorded, began breathing and bursting into song at the same time. Ever since then she has made more or less noise — more with her desk cover up, less with it down. But even if she is to be Class Prophet we risk the danger of verbal assault to say this, and yet she has our hearty friendship and good wishes.

CLARK PAGE

Shortly after Page was ushered into terrestrial existence he fell out of his cradle and thereby contracted a dislike for works of all kinds. Secretly he has treated this malady, first by entensive diet, and then by an excess of sleep. Finally he has resolved to humor it as a necessary evil. Yet Page has redeeming qualities, and is a man for a' that. Wherever he goes, whatever he does, our class will always remember him. Godspeed!

ALITHEA PARKER

Alithea is one of those living proofs of the fact that you don't have to be well known to be in with the teachers. Only a short time ago Miss Alithea came from Dorchester, well recommended, and famed by her alleged career in the New England Preservatory of Music. Listen! Ah, the "G" string! More gentle than the harp, more retiring than the lost chord, esteemed by many, courted by — Sh! We use the soft pedal, Alithea.

WILLIS RAND

"BILL"

Football 4. Class basketball 3, 4.

As a boy Bill had all the ear marks of the really great, but nevertheless, this young man of gingerbread glory, received no fame. Bill had red hair, and not being acquainted with us, he seldom was able to borrow enough to have his locks shorn. Thus were his ear marks obscured. But after a few close shaves, Bill blossomed forth in brilliancy, the star of the eleven. He was a fine, plunging halfback. Hit the line hard, Bill, tackle low, keep that "redded" of yours, cool, and you will gain Life's distance.

JULIAN REA

"JUDY"

Class Historian, Debating Team Manager, Treasurer Union, Year Book.

Judy has not improved since he became one of us; he has only developed. What he is, and what he is to be, is only what he has been — for he always has been as good and as fine as he is now. He has done great things — as his record alone signifies — but they do not make him any better. They couldn't. For Judy is always the same, and always will be the same, a friend and comrade to all.

LEONARD REILLY

Class Basketball 2, 3, 4, Baseball 4.

It is related of Len that he drifted ashore one night in '97, when there was a high tide along the coast. At first it seems unbelieveable,— but, thine ear, O reader! Len is a shark! The fishy way in which he slips over his "stenog" will make you believe that, and as for his 'hooking' manner — ask Leo Frairhair! But seriously, Len has the ease of a master in stenography, and his success has come with endeavor — which makes success more sweet. And yet he is a "shark"— or was, one rainy night down by the Back river smelting grounds!

MISS OLIVE SYLVESTER

Valedictorian.

Miss Magna Cum Laude Sylvester, whom you see here, shines with so bright a light as to dazzle the eyes of the teachers. While some are burning the midnight oil in their (Ford) touring cars, she is keeping alight the lamp of her intellect. And now she leads us all! Perhaps not for popularity, nor the gaiety will she be known,— but ever for sincerity, honesty, sympathy, and her industry and righteousness altogether.

RALPH TALBOT

"DICK"

Class Pin Committee, chairman; Class Orator, Class Ode, Debate, Capt.; Track 1 2, 3, 4, Capt.; President of Union, School Paper 1, 2, 3; Year Book, Editor-in-chief, 4; Baseball 3, 4; Football 2, 3, 4; Class Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.

We have before us a man young in years, but old in thought. He is the orator of his class and many are the novel orations that he has made in the class room. They say he is some ball player, especially in handing out alibis to his team mates. Wherever you see him, in the school corridor, on the athletic field or in the class room, he is always kicking something or somebody. He likes to talk and his fellow class mates believe that he will be a second Henry Clay. Dick, old boy, you should make your mark in the world, but you may feel assured that you have our best wishes for the prosperous years which must follow you.

EVELYN TIBBETTS

Class Play, Pin Committee.

It is rather hard to write about our little Evelyn, because she is at school so seldom that we don't know much about her. And when she is here she doesn't make her presence known because her voice is very, very soft and she moves like a fairy. Of course you know M A C is a florist and you see she is always amongst the flowers. But when it comes to Latin, she is the star of the class,— and her pies are delicious, so M A C tells us. We don't blame M A C for liking our classmate and friend. Workingmen like good things to eat. We wish you, Evelyn, the happiest of times of your life in the future, but please don't forget your class of 1915.

Good luck, Alice.

ALICE TONRY

This young woman of the golden glow has a still more golden smile. Not that we mean to infer that her smile is golden because her teeth are. We might just as well say she has an English accent because she bought her teeth in London. But we refer to her hair. Miss Alice's idea in life is to "thart thomething"—in a quiet way. Ask her where she was going one fair Spring morning down in the vicinity of Norton Street. And you'll thart thomething.

FRANK VENDER

"BOB"

Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Track 4; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Music, Class Ode; Football, Mgr.; Banquet Committee.

Behold Bob! Residents in the region of Jackson Square assert that he can create as much discord as any professional musician. But his fingers touch not piano strings alone. Nay, ye critics, rather are they on school and class work, baseball, football, track and other things. Although we have the beauty, Bob seems to be the one to get his name in the papers, especially when he publishes his two-steps. And musical? Why he's first bass on the ball team, plays the cornet, and has a so-lo part in his studies. For you, Bob, we wish great success.

Class Data

Officers

President, Reginald Bates — Vice-President, Almon Deane
Secretary, Norman Dizer — Treasurer, Avis Loud

Cast of Class Play

May Allen — Elsie Maertins — Dorothy McCarthy
Clark Page — Kenneth Martin — Reginald Bates
Evelyn Tibbets

Graduation Speakers

Salutatory, Avis Loud — Valedictory, Olive Sylvester
Orator, Ralph Talbot — Historian, Julian Rea
Prophets, Teresa Nolan, Edward Bates

"1915"

The present year has been a notable success. Its Senior class has reflected much renown upon itself by honors worthily won. No other class can show more creditable record. It has been the leader in spirit and activity, and what is more, it has progressed to the point where its members are bound to each other by more than the common tie of friendship. That alone means class spirit.

And now, as we, the class, approach the end of that enviable highway of years known as "high school life," it is only right that we should look back and contemplate what we have done. Past deeds and experiences return to us, to make those remembrances more than idle dreams.

In fear that some of you might judge us by our honor students, we admit that we have but one—or by our brilliance in routine studies, we admit that we have none. "Life," as a Western proverb goes, "ain't in playing a good hand straight, but in playing a poor hand well." And even though we have no marvelous honor list, we are confident that we have played our poor hand well.

To begin with, our class is unsurpassed in the field of student endeavor. It won its interclass and interscholastic debates, the first, by the way, ever held in the history of the school. In this volume, it presents the first school year book of all time to the public. For the first time it formed an association, the "Union," to promote general student interests. For the first time, its "W" men enjoyed a banquet. Nor is that all—in everything social it was successful.

And the interest in, and the success of, athletics were far greater than they ever have been within our memory. Our football team won every game but one. For the first time a track team was organized and a trophy won. Our baseball team is generally considered to be one of the best, and is a just claimant of the State title.

So, in both student activities and in athletics our record is one which must appeal to the popular mind as a lasting and brilliant one. And wherever our classmates go, we are sure to be drawn together by the cord of memory which shall remind us that everything we did, we did sincerely, and everything we did sincerely, we did well.

ABE

HE door of the long, white ward changed from a rectangle of white to one of sunlight, letting in a white-clad, professional looking surgeon, and a more sombrely dressed elderly man. They came down by the rows of cots, each with its covered form.

Houghton could see them from where he lay, but he could not comprehend. Instead of true figures, blurred shapes defined their outlines. Between them was a stretch of space filled with what seemed to be crowding, winged figures, some going up and some going down. Houghton lay and watched them; it was all that he had to do. He watched them continually, day and night, only at night they seemed to be not white-clad forms, but golden sands, running, running fast. Once in a while, during the day, they would mass together and take a different form and color, and then he knew someone was near.

"Houghton! Major!" He could hear them cry, and the sound would go ringing down to his inner consciousness, echoing, — "major — 'ajor — 'ajor!" just as he used to hear the oven bird, at home, with its "Teacher — eacher — eacher!" He stirred restlessly.

"Houghton!"

He stared about and heard the voice close at hand; then he saw a splotch of white at his elbow, dimly, while the mist was clearing. He gained complete consciousness for the first time in a week, and saw briefly but clearly.

He tried to speak, but couldn't; he tried to call "Father," but something snapped and he was back again with the eternally passing figures. Dimly he tried to think. So he had come? What he had hoped for, had longed for, had happened. The sense of joy quite banished the whirling of his head and he became quiet. The words came faintly, but distinctly through the gloom.

"My son!" Then, instead of a caress, he saw the tall man by the side of the bed stiffen, and Houghton, exhausted, lay back and closed his eyes. He felt the man stir from his long gaze at the pale face, lay aside his hat, softly draw up a chair and sit down.

The figures began to move again as soon as Houghton closed his eyes, and as he watched them, he tried to find out what longing was stirring within him. What was it? Some hopeless thing that lay on his breast; his lips moved feebly and the man bent down to catch the word:

"Mother — — —"

"She is well. Mrs. Houghton is well," he added, correcting himself.

The words came without the slightest color. Houghton lay back again. Slowly the gray blurred, turned to swarming, white, winged shapes which went continually up and down. The only apparent sound was a low murmur from the other end of the ward. It droned on and on. Would it never stop? He couldn't —

"Major, I want you to come home."

A wasted, quivering hand drew the coverlet closer around him. It was his own, although he did not realize it; he gave no other sign. Softly, the drifting forms, snow white, like petals, rose and fell.

"Come home — come home — come home" rang like a refrain through his mind, drowning out everything else. It was not until it had died distantly away that he heard and realized that the broken voice had been going on.

"— and you can't fight any more, Major. You'll die if you're left here, away from home. Come, say you'll come and we'll forgive and forget. It was a hard blow when you went riding off — to fight. That's all over with. Come home —"

Home — home — home; a refrain went with each pure figure, floating camly up.

"— only say that you'll come, that you'll take off this — blue, and I'll take you far away — Jimmy — where the blue grass grows — God's country — and you can sit all day in the sun. There'll be no pain there, Jimmy. Only mother, and Rose. All day you can sit among the rhododendrons and be happy, and at night, beneath the great, starry sky. No pain, no sorrow there — it's home, Jim, and I want you and mother wants you.

"We've differed, but it's time to forget. Say you'll come; you must see you're wrong, fighting against your own people. You've got to allow something to their spirit of liberty. Can't you give it up, Jim?"

"Mother,— — does she — —"

"She follows me in the right; they all do, Jim. All but you. We see the right — more than those up north, for we have lived at home so long that we know more about it than they do. We see —"

"I did'nt, father —"

"You will. Wait till you're home. You'll see. Only say you will come. Say it."

At the end of this passionate plea, Houghton's vision blurred once more, and the figures rose and fell. But this time they were not white-winged,— but blossoms,— rhododendrons, a whole hillside of them, and they nodded and swayed in the breeze. They danced merrily,— they stretched out their petals, nodding towards him, as they used to in his youth. The stalks swayed gently and the snow-white blossoms seemed whiter and purer than he had ever seen before,— each one calling, calling — and were gone. Each one had turned to a star; a great opalescent, shining star, glowing through the wilderness of blue. He could see them, feel them,— he felt as if he could reach out and touch them, and he thought he heard them making a kind of stately music. No,— they were breathing around him, their great hearts pulsing in the gloom. A white star,— and blue —. He went floating away in his dream to that last great fight, seeing over again the surging lines of gray coming on,— always on,— never faltering. Day and night, and yet a little farther, always a little farther,— until, there was the old flag,— a star, and blue —.

He tried to struggle to speak one word, and then he felt his father lean down, and barely saw the great hope in his face.

Continued on Page 35

Solomon Was Not Like This

HE lure of the filthy lucre, and the facination of the bloated aristocrat were upon us. Nothing could dispel them. Ged could talk familiarly of camp as long as he wanted to. Bob could recall the old days. But it wouldn't go. Somehow we couldn't live it down.

Leon was the only one who made any progress; when he came running in from the library and beheld Lee in the act of leading the chorus:

Adieu, adieu, adieu dear friend, adieu!
I can no longer stay with you.
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree
And may the world go well with thee!

he was captivated, and accepted Lee at his face worth. That chorus, though, was kind of flat. Ged and Bob sang, but the rest of us sat open eyed watching Lee as he thumped on the table. You could have popped an egg into Percy's mouth and he'd never have known the difference. And Walter was so absorbed that he forgot to fight with Johnny for the pudding.

I think that Lee felt it most of all. He felt that he wasn't one of us. For one thing we stared at him. Somehow we couldn't get the fact out our minds that he was a modern Midas with a million in his own name. Lure can't describe it; fascination can't describe it. We ogled him wherever he went, and we couldn't help it.

The first night we all slept in the big tent. Ged suggested this (Walter protesting) and I think that he suggested it with the intention of having a good time. But we silently sat around instead of fooling around. The general good old time was not forthcoming.

When we undressed, we admired not our visitor's knitted torso (this was the usual thing) but we looked at his gold tooth,— and estimated its cost. When we awoke in the morning, instead of starting things, we looked to see if the stranger snored with his mouth open. He did,—ah, there it was, with more fascination for us than has the snake's eye for the bird. And Lee, lolling on his bed, looked just right for a good old pillow socking — but, oh, the tooth! Like a good many women (I tell this with exceptions) if he'd only known enough to keep his mouth shut, he'd have a peach of a time.

After breakfast Ged and Lee drove Mr. Wernicke to the depot. As soon as the carriage was out of sight there was hair pulled. For an hour carnage lasted. Then Dan appeared again, drawing the surrey back over the hill, and the dissipation stopped.

As soon as we could we got out the wickets and had a game of cricket. Cricket is the favorite game with all of us, except Walter. We toss up for sides, fight an hour over who must take the field, and then look to find that Ned has taken our wickets to make wooden swords with. We went through this program on this morning, except that we did not fight. We formed even sides, with Percy left over. But he did not seem to mind on this

morning. Instead, sitting down at a nearby elm, he held Neddy near him, and every time that Lee laughed, he pointed excitedly and shouted "There it is."

It would be impossible to understand this game unless you know something of a real game. Then you can contrast the two.

In a real game we get excited. In a real game the conversation goes something like this:

Walter:—"You crazy fool, Hound-dog, bowl it up, you, bowl it up; hey, hey, kick it off, kick it off; stop! Hound-dog! Stop! Leave it go! Heer me? You heer me, Johnny, leave it alone."

Ged:—"Come on! Come on! Give it t'me! Here? Quick!"

John:—"Run, you, you bonehead! Beat it! Run! Come on! Another one! Come on!"

Bob:—"Drive it here, Charlie; O you crazy idiot, drive it here! Hey! Hey! Cut it out! Cut it out! I say no! No! Come on with it!"

And it usually ends with:—"There, you dirty, low-down crook, you've lost the game. I'd like to knock—the face offayou." Before this happens, though, Walter gets down in the dirt and grovels on his knees, mingling tears with the dust Charley makes a driving mis-shot, taking Ged in the knee, and since he can't resist, and won't complain, he dances about in agony. Johnny places an honest, but mis-directed left foot, while hunting for the ball, through the coldframe window, and Leon runs off with the bat. Who wins is never certain, for the losers, taunted (by Walter) would renew the conflict with the one idea of beating their opponents into insensibility with a brickbat. It is a fine game.

But this game was all that it should not be. A good game is based on a fight and carried through with a fight, but this game, as Ged said, was based on fair play and dedicated to the proposition that all cricket players are created peaceful. Such a contest cannot endure.

Toward the end of the game Bob came down and joined the squad. Now no place will suit Bob on a cricket field better than right behind the bat. You can pick a fight there pretty easily. But Bob picked no fight this day.

Lee bowled just one ball. That started it! Just about when it should have reached the wicket it struck a pebble and, jumping upwards, struck Bob with full force right in the stomach. He clasped his hands to the spot, spun around, shrieked and ran towards the house.

Today and every day when I think of that day, the scene rises as clear as morning sunlight to my eyes. We were all thunderstruck. Percy forgot to say "There it is" when Lee's mouth opened in surprise. Bob's cry of anguish had been genuine, and it turned our sunny sky to ashes. We gazed for a silent moment, during which no one spoke, at the door through which he had taken his flight. Then a glove thumped on the ground. We turned—Lee had thrown himself full length, and was sobbing as if his heart would break. His head was buried in his arms and we thought he was dying. Ged said "What's the matter Lee?" ant tried to make him raise his head. He wouldn't, but continued right on sobbing. We never knew that a potentate could cry like that. It made him human. It impressed us with his better

qualities, and what was more, we opened our hearts to him and made him one of us. In answer to Ged's plea, Lee set up a sobbing undertone.

"I'm-m going h-home. Yes—I am! N-nobody likes me but you, Ged, 'n now I've gone and killed Bob— O-O-O-O-o-o-"

It was heart touching; yes it was, and it was strong in its dramatic qualities, for just then Leon ran up with a little mite of a snuffing white pig. All we could hear him cry was "Chardy gabe it to me! Chardy gabe it to me!" and he burst through the circle and thrust it between his arms and head· Lee didn't know what it was; he only closed his hands over it and rocked in a a frenzy of despair.

We laid down and wept with laughter—even Ged joined in, as did Bob, who had returned, at the expense or risk of hurting their guest's feelings.

The pig had nestled close up to Lee and was going "snoof! snoof!" while it ran its pink nose over Lee's tearstained countenance. At first the tears went right on, but as soon as he heard our cry, he raised himself up into a sitting position, like the dying gladiator.

Then he saw the pig. Bewildered, he looked around and beheld us lolling. First a smile—just like Lee—and then a sheepish grin, and then Lee was laughing with more mirth than the rest of us. Leon rescued his pig and went off addressing terms of endearment to the animal, which he called by the name "Buthter."

We were all mollified; Lee thought no more of going home, and the lure of the filthy lucre and the fascination of the bloated aristocrat were no more. We christened Lee Abbott "Buster."

When some men are hit by misfortune,—they quit;
And some deplore fate with a cry.
But men who are right in the thick of the fight,
Will try, and will try, and will try.

Class of 1916

Class of 1916

REATER than former Junior classes in size, the class of nineteen-sixteen has aspired to gain fame more enduring, by becoming greater than all former classes in matter of importance. Progress is its by-word, leadership its goal.

Its first and leading member, the sublimely smiling Frank Rand, its trio of debaters, White, Sargent and Ruso; its football hero, Clark; its baseball leader, Condrick; and its many stars of the first magnitude in the field of scholarship; all bear promise for the future as they have won renown in the past.

In every branch of student activity has the class of nineteen-fifteen become fitted to follow in the footsteps of its predecessors and lead the spirit of the school. The past with its honorable record bears witness to this fact.

But more than the past, does the class cherish the future. Progress is its by-word. In 1916 the spirit of the school shall be as great and as powerful as the sons of '16 can make it. And the present augurs fair.

In the first place, laurels already won in the way of studies will be supplemented by new emblems. Since the class is the largest in the school's history, it intends to set a new record in the number of honor students. The recently organized Union will be carried on. An intershcolastic league for debate will be formed. The old dramatic association will be revived. Under the tutelage of those who have already received some experience, a monthly magazine may be published, and the Year Book issued. Watch for progress. It will be a synonym for nineteen-sixteen.

And now to go back, in closing, the class thanks the teachers who have furnished it with such a strong basis for achievement. With hope for the future, and with content in the past, it will follow its destiny, secure in the knowledge that some day it will find fitting welcome by the side of those graduates who have gone from, but have not forgotten the school they love.

Class of 1917

Class of 1918

School Notes

HE year now ending has been a remarkable one in many ways. New fields have been entered with success. Old ones have been explored with increased interest.

Of the former, progress has been most marked in the way of literary work. The Weymouth High School Union, a small, but none the less deserving organization, has been formed. For a time it stimulated interest and will surely be continued.

A domestic science class was conducted by Miss Cowan and it has given the girls a new, but familiar subject to work with. The class attended the Food Fair in Boston in the Fall, and later held one of their own with success.

A note of appreciation must here be inserted for a single student, Frank L. Vender, who, in his own way, has reflected most honor upon his class and school. The two-step of which he is composer, is well known and well liked all over Massachusetts. It is entitled the W. H. S. March and is dedicated to the school.

On February 16th, a banquet for "W" men was held in the school library. Athletes from college, club and school addressed the boys.

Ex-Representative John F. Dwyer gave an excellent lecture on "The Massachusetts Legislature" before the Union A few more such fine speeches would have benefited the school.

The new appearance of an old custom was made during the basket-ball season, when a cheering section was begun. With its quick, snappy cheers and songs, it instilled spirit into the team.

The custom of holding interclass debates was carried forward by the Senior-Junior debate on the equal suffrage question. The Seniors were represented by Martin, Dizer and Talbot, and the Juniors by White, Sargent and Ruso. The former won.

Two dances were held this year; and one, the Senior dance, netted more in proportion to the size of the class than any other dance ever held. The Athletic Association dance was conducted entirely by the girls.

Mr. James Calderwood has done more for the school than can be estimated. The orchestra, under his sterling leadership, furnished music for the Athletic Association dance.

Mention must be made here of the illness of one our faculty, Mr. Cosgrove. Although not strictly a school event, his misfortune was the consternation of a good many. We feel that his nervous breakdown was the result in part, of his hard, persistent efforts in behalf of the school. He has the sympathy of all.

Scholastic honors for the year were won by nineteen students out of a school of three hundred. The importance of these honors is seldom made clear To win them one must be perfect in preparation and recitation each day and every day for a term of two months. The list: (numbers indicate number of terms—Sept. to May)

Class of 1915—Reginald Bates 1, Avis Loud 1, Kenneth Martin 2, Olive Sylvester 3.

Class of 1916—Fred Abel 2, Ruth Ford 4, Mildred French 1, Dorothy Halnan 4, Agnes Lyons 2, Arthur White 4.

Class of 1917—Velma Abbott 2, Napoleon Bergeron 4, Malcolm Canterbury 3, Marion Howe 3, Wallace Whittle 3.

Class of 1918—Evelyn Bergeron 4, Alice Fulton 2, Francis Sprague 1, Arthur Williamson 1.

The Boy with a Bump

THE medal in the high school all-around contest was won by William X. He can turn handsprings like a clown, can skate and ride, and is the fastest runner in the village. And the other evening, down in a restaurant at Washington Square, he beat the crowd eating boiled eggs! Yes, and William can sing and is beginning to play the piano. He intends to join the Weymouth Landing Brass Band next fall.

Will is bright, he learns easily, and has a quick, active body. He is enthusiastic and open-hearted, and almost every one likes him. Most of his friends expect to be proud of him some day, but some are uneasy.

There is a bump on William's head. The magician says a bump just there indicates conceit. Perhaps he is right, but if that bump were high enough to indicate all of William's conceit his hat would never get within a foot of his ears. But it is not the bump that makes William's friends uneasy.

Will craves attention — he is fairly thirsty for it. He wants people to watch him and listen to him all the time and, above all, to marvel at him. He would rather display his ability than use it.

Even this does not alarm his friends very much. They remember that they once, too, loved to be seen and heard and admired — probably do yet. It is natural for a boy to want to show people what he can do.

But here is the thing that makes his friends uneasy about William's future. It does not seem to matter to him what sort of attention he gets or how he gets it. Apparently he is just as well pleased when people laugh at him for making a monkey of himself as he is when they cheer him for his prowess on the baseball field. If Will cannot get a group or people to watch him in any other way, he turns himself into a clown, or "cut-up," and wins their attention, even if unfavorable. And he seems just as glad to be admired by loafers and semi-toughs as to be esteemed by people of worth and judgment.

Therein is his danger. He has not learned to discriminate between that interest and attention which means genuine respect and esteem, and the sort which may be given to a calf with two heads. He has not learned that the praise of one man may mean honor, and the praise of another dishonor. As yet he does not choose between the real and the seeming, the true and the false, the good and the bad.

Will's great danger, unless he learns to discriminate, is in the natural human proneness to choose the easier. The only sort of attention and praise worth while is that won by real ability developed and trained until it can do something well, and a genuine kindness of heart which makes one sympathetically helpful. This sort of attention is hard to win. It takes real worth and patient effort.

But the road to leadership among the careless, the worthless, the toughs, is much easier and shorter for a bright fellow like Will. He can win their praise and get their following without much work or effort. And if he does not learn the danger of this sort of popularity his friends fear his egotism will lead him

to seek leadership among those on the wrong side of the danger line.

It is barely possible that some of our readers have William bumps on their heads. It might be well to take a good look and see if your bump is of that sort; or if it is one that desires only praise won in a worthy way.

FRED ABEL, 1916.

Nature's Way

I knew not why the flowers died;
But now I know
Life is a flower, magnified—
And it must go.

I knew not why the winter came;
But now I know—
Age, in the end, is just the same;
And we must grow.

Then look upon the life about;
Though late the day—
Wring all of nature's secrets out,
And find the way.

And You to whom in sanctity
We raise our eyes,
Ye set for me and all of mine—
Your sacrifice.

Ye made for everything a guide,
Along the way.
Ye would not judge if in our pride
We went astray?

Alumni Notes

ECESSARILY the alumni of a school must increase with the years, and it is with pleasure that we hear of the deeds of our ever increasing body of graduates, spread far and wide over the earth.

From the middle West comes a report of the work of George Baker, '11, who is now enjoying a sophomore scholarship at Iowa University. In addition to this, Baker is the mainstay of the track team, running in the mile and two-mile events in the Middle Conference meets.

Leon Marsh, '10 (Tech, '14), is doing good work in Connecticut.

Norman Loud, '11, and Francis Carroll, '11, are both to be graduated from Harvard this month.

Valparaiso University, Indiana, holds two ambitious Weymouth lads, Leo Madden, '12, and Urban Nolan, '13. They are making good.

Robert Brassil Fitzgerald, '12, is president of the sophomore class at Boston College this year. Also he is an associate editor of the Stylus, the college magazine.

In a freshman class of 400 members at Dartmouth College Emil Rosnell, '14, ranks tenth in the matter of studies.

The part of Polonius in "Hamlet" was admirably played by William Duffy, '10, at the Boston College theatricals during the Christmas recess. A play, "The Modern Miss," by Duffy, was recently staged in Salem High School.

The business manager of our paper of last year, John Dizer, '13, was appointed to the editorial staff of the M. A. C. college monthly after a selective competition.

A scholarship in the Senior class at Wellesley was recently won by Miss Ruth Bradford, '11.

Robert Alvord, '10, is a student at Yale.

The Commissary Department of the United States government at Washington, D. C., is furnishing Ralph Curtin, '12, with an excellent position.

Gerald Fitzgerald, '12, is on the editorial board of the Boston College Stylus.

Miss Nina Quinn, '12, is now residing in St. Louis.

Stuart Vinal, '11, graduates from Amherst Agricultural College this year.

Albert Bennett, '11 (Pratt Institute, '13), is foreman of a large manufactory in Canada.

Of last year's class four members, Loring Tirrell, Parker Whittle, Leo Fraher and Harold Gloster, are taking post graduate courses.

Richard Lyons, '13, formerly of the University of Maine, and Fred Philbrick, '13, are studying at Tech.

Harry Granger, ex-'15, is enrolled at Phillips Andover Academy, and Sherman Lowell, ex-'15, at Mercersburg Academy.

Miss Heartz, a former French teacher here, was one of the few who passed an examination in Paris held for French instructors of the very highest class. Miss Chase is at a girl's high school in Boston and Miss Duffey is teaching in Chelsea.

Weymouth High School Debating Team

A glance over the list of student activities at Weymouth High School this year, reveals an entirely new and interesting practice which has sprung up. Debating in interscholastic contests was entirely unknown in the school until 1915; its success, nevertheless, has been remarkable. For Weymouth can justly claim the supremacy over other high schools south of Boston in debating, and can well be proud of her record. Without previous experience in this important art, without aid, and almost without knowledge of its actual practice, Weymouth defeated both Brockton and Quincy in regular contests. The value of these victories is enhanced, when it is understood that these schools have years of experience behind them, and that Brockton has defeated both Milton and Bridgewater this year.

Early in the year Kenneth Martin '15, Norman Dizer '15 and Ralph Talbot '15, were chosen to represent Weymouth upon the platform. After consideration, a debate at Quincy and a debate with Brockton at Weymouth were arranged. The subject was "Resolved: that the Philippines be granted their immediate independence," and in both Weymouth took the negative. A period of preparation followed, and then on the evening of April 7th, 1915, Weymouth entered its first interscholastic debate in the lecture hall at Quincy. The team was victorious.

A few days later, Brockton was also defeated, this time at Weymouth. In both contests it was apparent that our own team was well balanced, and as good in argument as in delivery. Yet both affairs were so close and interesting, that the conquerers and the conquered felt that debates between the schools might be continued with success. To this end a league is to be organized, which will carry on the work, which our boys began.

Athletics

It seems that the year book would not be complete unless attention were called to the remarkable success attained by the Weymouth High School in athletics this year.

At the beginning of the athletic year we started with the football team which lost only one game out of the eleven scheduled. Its success may be attributed to the ability of Mr. Whittemore, the untiring efforts of the players and their constant attendance at practice. Let us hope that the coming season in football will be even more successful. We realize that we have a harder schedule and that we shall have to make greater efforts. Every boy of any size in the school ought to show his school spirit and come out for practice every day during the football season. Only in this way shall Weymouth attain greater success than in our previous football season.

The next sport in which Weymouth received renown was in track. In the B. A. A. school-boy meet, we succeeded in beating Quincy and Wakefield. It was particularly pleasing to the student body to hear that we had overcome our old rival Quincy, especially since the student body of the latter school numbers over three times as much as our own. Not content with this success, we had the pleasure of winning a beautiful shield by defeating Hingham and Braintree in a series of triangular meets, Weymouth scoring more points than the combined score of the other two schools. Although track is a sport in which we are just starting, our start is one which ought to encourage us to make it one of our major sports.

In basketball, with a schedule including the strongest teams in the state, no victory was appreciated more than the one over another of our South Shore rivals, Brockton. Even though this is a sport which does not seem to appeal to many of our boys, let every one who has any degree of skill in this department come out and help Captain Whittle make a team of which Weymouth will be proud.

Baseball Team

At the present time we have not finished our baseball season. However, if we continne the season without being defeated, we seem sure to be awarded the State Championship in this sport. This is particularly gratifying to us because we have played many schools who have many times our student body in numbers, and, without doubt, a harder schedule has never beeu played in the annals of the school. We have defeated among others Brockton High, Medford, Boston College High, Tufts College 2nd, and Newton, all considered among the first teams of the State.

We should surely be ungrateful if we did not acknowledge our gratitude to Mr. Carl Loud for the many afternoons he has spent teaching our boys how to play the game. We must also thank the boys who have been willing to give up their afternoons to the hard practice sessions which have been necessary to place us at the top in school-boy circles in the State.

In conclusion we now have a high school of whose achievements in athletics we are justly proud. Wherever we go we shall be eager to tell far and wide that we come from the Weymouth High School.

John W. Cosgrove, Jr.

"W" Men

Football: Captain Condrick, Manager Vender, R. E. Bates, Tirrell, P. Whittle, Talbot, Palmer, Hughes, Newton, Dean, Clark, Rand, Borlenghi, Haviland, Zwecker, W. Whittle. Basketball: Captain Condrick, Manager R. W. Bates, Mahoney, Dwyer, Richardson, W. Whittle, Dean, P. Whittle. Baseball (1914): Captain Fraher, Gorman, Gloster, Vender, Talbot, Mauro, L. Callahan, C. Condrick. Relay: Captain Talbot, Vender, Gorman, Clark, Hiatt. "W's" for debate were awarded Martin, Dizer and Talbot.

Baseball Record to June 1, 1915

Weymouth	16, Hingham 2.	Weymouth	10, Medford 2.
"	1, Rindge Tech. 4.	"	4, Rockland 0.
"	4, Milton 1.	"	17, Quincy 0.
"	3, Newton 2.	"	2, Boston College High 0.
"	1, Brookline 2.	"	9, Quincy 7.
"	8, Dedham 0.	"	2, Brockton 1.
"	5, Cambridge Latin 0.	"	5, Tufts 2d 4.
"	3, Mech. Arts 5.		

Football — 1914

Oct.	2.	Weymouth 6; South Boston 0.
"	5.	Weymouth 51; Saugus 0.
"	14.	Weymouth 24; Dedham 0.
"	16.	Weymouth 0; Hingham 0.
"	21.	Weymouth 34: Watertown 0.
"	30.	Weymouth 39; Abington 0.
Nov.	6.	Weymouth 13; Hingham 0.
"	13.	Weymouth 27; Abington 0.
"	20.	Milton 19; Weymouth 6.
"	26.	Weymouth 0; Alumni 0.

Football Team

JOHN W. COSGROVE
Head of Athletics
President South Shore League

FRANCIS W. WHITTEMORE
Football Coach

EDWARD CARLETON LOUD
Baseball Coach

Corridor Echoes

At Our Jokes.

"He who laughs last is an Englishman."

In Miss Curtis's Case (Extract): "Yet he who would reach the heights. must deep down go."

According to Miss Keith: "He disappeared into the wind."

Not Today, Mr. Cosgrove: "Is anyone present who is not here?"

Now, Say! Miss Curtis, correcting sentences at the board — "What verb do you want, Francis? You have 'flees'!"

In the New Editions: Miss Curtis —"Now, who knows who the author of Cæsar's Gallic Wars was?" Soph —"Bennett."

Rix's Dilemma: Translation —"I cannot — no — I cannot — er — er — I can't." Miss Thomas —"I wouldn't! Sit down!"

Gibson. '18, diligently looking around the floor. Mr. C. asks him what he's looking for. Third party murmurs, "Brains." Mr. C.—"You'd better get a microscope, Gibson."

Miss Cunningham —"Dunn, why is the dairy industry so great in Holland?" Dunn —"Because there are so many cows there."

". . . insignis stat sonipes . . ." Vender —"There stood the embroidered horse."

"Have you a good subject to talk about?" Gorman —"No(s) Soeur!"

". . . Callahan passes . . ."— Gazette. Come on, Looie, it was only opened for a nickel.

Sub-ed.—"I don't like your idea of asking me to take this stuff to the printer." Editor —"Why not?" Sub-ed.—"You carry your jokes too far."

Another Lie Nailed: Mr. Hilton —"No, and I never slept in a stable."

"Keep away from Tobey, he's got a contagion." "How's that?" "Never mind. It's pretty catching."

Original Copy of a Speech at the "W" Banquet: "I'm very glad to be here tonight. I didn't expect to say anything. We had a great season. Look forward to next year."

Must Be on Its Last Legs: Freshman —"I hope my notebook doesn't run out."

Tous les duex roides morts
Both the two stiffs dead.

ABE

Continued from Page 16

"Father — I can't go — not from the old flag."

A head lay near his arm, and he tried to put out his wan hand to stroke it, while great sobs racked the small cot.

"Father, do you curse — me?"

"No, I bless you my son!"

"— and mother,— will she —?"

"She will always love —!"

He drifted away, and felt the last caress imprinted on his forehead no more than as if it had only touched the coverlet. After a while the gray receded into the sunlight and was gone. For a long time he lay still with a smile on his lips as he watched. He was drifting, drifting, happily along with the white-winged, flocking figures. He knew where they were going. Home — home — home; he watched them, and blessed as he watched. The sunlight dimmed, paled, and vanished, and in its place came night. With darkness came the sands, golden, downflowing. Where were they going? Home? Yes, into the sea. Yet it was never full. How strange! Countless thoughts occurred to him, one of them that home was indefinite, boundless. Then he tried to count the flowing sands — and slept.

Once more the door of the ward changed from a rectangle of white to one of sunshine, but Houghton couldn't sense the change. The figures were flowing faster now, and how changed! Now they went up — always up! And what a sound of grief was with them. He listened. At first he couldn't make it out, and then he heard several soft sobs. A tear stole down his coverlet and he looked at it, wondering.

It seemed natural that she should be there, beside his bedside. He had always dreamed of her as tending and caressing him, but never sobbing, as she was now. Then, softly:

"Jim!"

That was all she said, and he closed his eyes.

All the figures were of her, now. She smiled and called him, and then went on. She was white and pure,— that was right. Now she danced around him, calling in her sweet voice. Now she was sad and cried and walked sadly away. He tried to follow her but couldn't. He cried out. A soldier, a leader of men, and powerless! What was it she was saying? Others love and are loved! And home! Then she went far away and he couldn't follow. He felt the hot tears, each one a star. What was it she called?

"Come home!"

He heard her say that there was no pain there. No, but the grass was blue, and there were stars. He couldn't forget. Her heart was gray. Yes, but his blood was blue, and as for the star. What was it? He couldn't think.

Oh yes, a star! One had just gone out of the sky. Like a light on the hillside it had been blown out. And the line of figures had paled from white to golden sands, and there was a break.

In his dream he thought he saw them watching 'round his bedside. Greater men than he,— but no younger. Great men

gathered to see him mustered out. Mustered out! He could hear the roll and see the colors. So young and a soldier! He, a soldier, Major Houghton at twenty, and passing out!

Houghton knew that in the long stretches of the night, life and resistance fought for being, and the men whispered: "He is going!" But gray paled into sunshine and they said: "He is still alive. That's all!"

Houghton did not care, he could not, and yet he knew when morning came, for the figures began flocking swiftly. He was being mustered out! A bugle call sounded and the military roll of drums! The ward murmured!

Twenty-one shots! The ward murmured again!

The door of the ward became sunlight again, and this time he saw the surgeon stand by:

"Attention! The President of the United States!" Something leaped within him; the chord that others had failed to touch.

There outside the door, with morning sunlight streaming into the room over square, gaunt shoulders, stood Abraham Lincoln. Houghton saw him distinctly, as he ungracefully entered and came down the aisle behind the surgeon. Then he fell back.

A voice deep with all the suffering, with all the care and sorrow of a mighty nation spoke:

"This, the man?"

He saw the surgeon nod.

"So young,—and a major?" questioned the gentle voice. "This the man who held Fort Haskell?"

Gently he felt the great, gaunt President seat himself at the head of the cot, and place his hat upon the floor. As he leaned over, a tawdry necktie, much awry, dangled above his head, and he dimly saw the dust that was on the figure of the man. Gently as a woman, he felt the President take his wasted, colorless hand in his own sinewy one of iron strength.

Houghton tried to smile in spite of his suffering, to answer the great President's sad smile; he tried to whisper his name, and a blessing.

In tones as soft as the drowsy murmur of pines, the President spoke, and the sounds came flooding clear through to his consciousness.

"My boy,—it is you and not I who are worthy of that blessing, for I am but God's humble instrument in the cause for which you fought."

Then, in a few words the man told him that he had heard of his brave deeds, how proud he was of his fellow man, and that one so young and brave could not die.

As he finished, Houghton tried to smile, but it was only a sad wisp of a smile, so he answered bravely:

"The judge-ments of the Lord are—" And finished it with his eyes.

At his own poor, toneless voice, he saw the President wince, and looked up to see "No hope" on the surgeon's lips. He couldn't do any more than lie there and watch his leader.

Straightening on his feet, the President flung his long, lank arms upwards, and a cry of deep anguish burst from his heart.

"Oh, this war! This awful, awful war!" he sobbed.

Hot, blinding tears burned their way down the great man's homely, kindly face, as he tenderly leaned over the pillow.

In response, Houghton whispered: "Mr. President! — God knows that you — are good; for, 'a good man—out of the treasures of his heart — bringeth forth good; — for, of the abundance — of the heart — the mouth speaketh.'"

Now, unrestrained tears ran down the great, kind face, streaking the dust laden countenance, and staining the snowy white sheets at his side. Then, while the nurses and surgeons watched round, Abraham Lincoln leaned down, and taking the palid face in his hands, kissed it just below the damp, tangled hair.

"My boy," he said, brokenly, "you must live! You must live."

A warm flame leaped through Houghton, and he felt the first thrill of warm, throbbing life; and he smiled, although, he knew that it must have been wanly, and tried to keep the suffering from his eyes. Then he dragged a hand to his forehead, the nearest he could come to a salute, and the President bent to catch the faint, faint words:

"I intend to, sir."

The rectangle which was the door changed, this time from sunlight to bright white, and the dark eyes that had looked on the shadow, turned bright with new, returning life, and banished their suffering and care.

Life is a series of flights,
Some high, some low!
Yet he who would reach the heights.
Must deep down go!

Minot P. Garey

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